

The TATLER

MARCH 28, 1956
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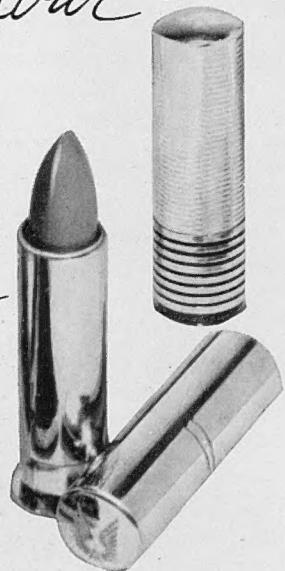
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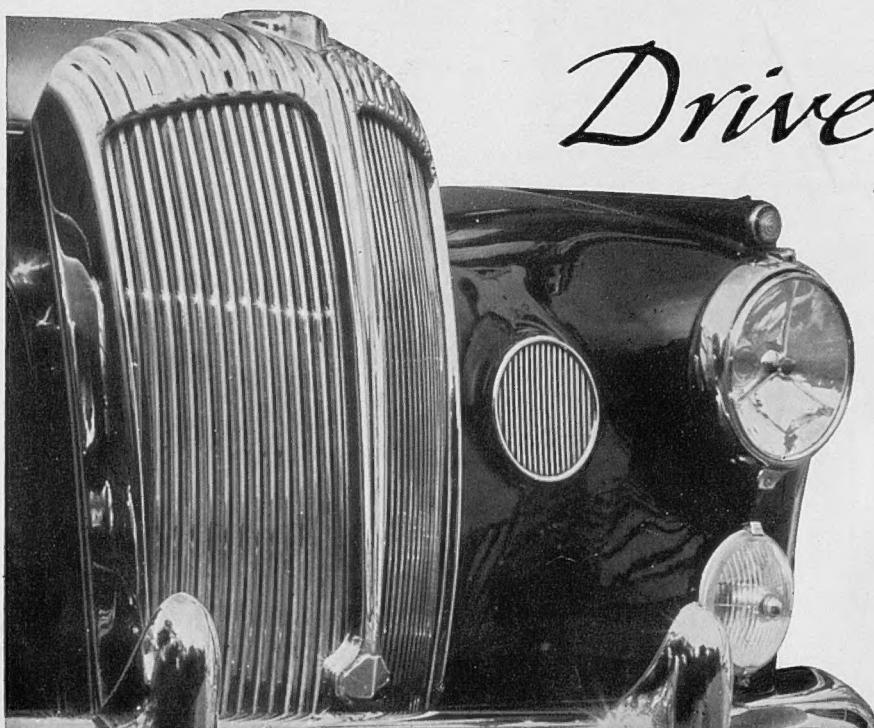
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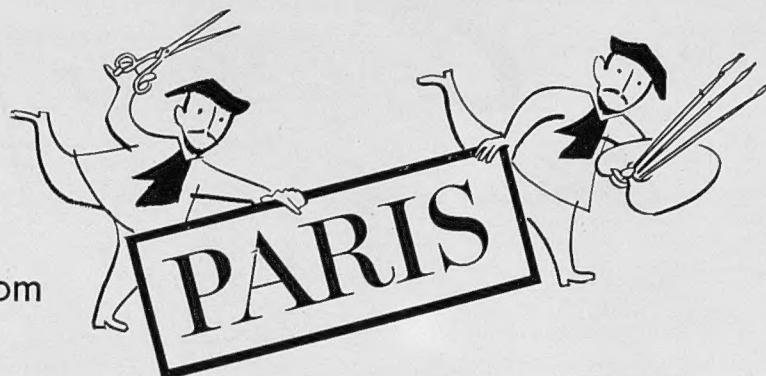
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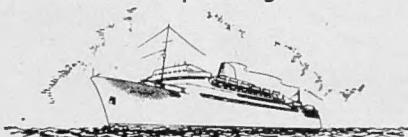


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Barry Swaine

MISS SALLY PROBART JONES, whose photograph appears on our cover this week, is the daughter of Mrs. Daniel Swinden. She is seen in the drawing room of her mother's house, wearing the lovely dress made for her by Maggy Rouff for the coming-out dance she shared with two other débutantes last year. Before her presentation in 1955 Sally was at the Comtesse de la Calle's finishing school in Paris

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From March 28th to April 4th

Mar. 28 (Wed.) Prince Philip will take luncheon with the Royal Society of Arts at the Society's house in John Adam Street, Adelphi. Later that day he will preside at the annual meeting of the British Horse Society at Londonderry House, Park Lane.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will visit H.M.S. Ark Royal at Portsmouth. The International Poodle Club Championship Show at Seymour Hall. Harrow School breaks up. First night of *The Comedy Of Errors* at the Arts Theatre, with music by Julian Slade.

Mar. 29 (Thurs.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Maundy Service in Westminster Abbey.

Racing at Stratford-on-Avon and at Southwell. Cottesbrooke One-Day Horse Trials at Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton. Concert: London Symphony Orchestra, Festival Hall, Verdi's *Requiem*.

Mar. 30 (Fri.) Good Friday.

The Chess Congress opens at Bath (five days).

Mar. 31 (Sat.) Battersea Festival Gardens and Fun Fair opens (to October 28). Navy Day at Portsmouth and Chatham.

Racing at: Southwell, Stockton, Warwick, Kempton Park, Carlisle, Manchester, Newton Abbot, Plumpton and Towcester.

Point-to-Points: The Cottesmore (Whissendine), Old Berkeley (Kimble), Wylde Valley (Larkhill), West Somerset Vale (Nether Stowey), South Berks (Chieveley), Puckeridge (Bishop's Stortford).

April 1 (Sun.) Easter Sunday.

April 2 (Mon.) Motor racing at Goodwood: the B.A.R.C. Easter Meeting

Point-to-Points: The Old Berkshire (Lockinge), Cowdray (Midhurst), East Kent (Aldington), Eridge (Edenbridge), North Cotswold (Springhill), Vine (Hackwood Park, Basingstoke).

Racing: Kempton Park, Carlisle, Manchester, Wetherby and Chepstow (2 days).

First night of *The Mulberry Bush* at the Royal Court Theatre.

April 3 (Tues.) First night of *Troilus And Cressida* at the Old Vic.

Model Railway Exhibition at the Central Hall, Westminster (five days).

April 4 (Wed.) Racing at Leicester (two days).

Eton Breaks up.

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TWO SHILLINGS
Volume CCXIX. No. 2855.

MAR. 28
1956



Armstrong Jones

A family trio in Gloucestershire

MRS. Michael Naylor-Leyland, seen with her children Atalanta and David, is the wife of Sir Vivyan Naylor-Leyland's younger brother. She was formerly Miss Jacqueline Floor, youngest daughter of Major Ides Floor, of Lullenden, East

Grinstead, Sussex, and was a leading débutante of 1950. Her husband, whom she married in 1955, is an Hon. Captain in the Life Guards and was awarded the M.C. in the last war. The Naylor-Leylands live at Church Farm, Coates, near Cirencester



Yevonde

MISS JANE ARMYNE SHEFFIELD, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sheffield, announced her engagement recently to Mr. Jocelyn Stevens, son of Major C. G. B. Stewart-Stevens of Balnakeilly, Pitlochry, Perthshire. Miss Sheffield, one of the loveliest of last year's débutantes, had a coming out dance given for her at her parents' beautiful home, Laverstoke House, at Whitchurch, in Hampshire

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE HOLIDAY PROSPECT

LONDON will empty at the end of this week for the four days' Easter holiday, which comes early this year. Many will be going to the country and seaside, others I have heard of are flying off to Paris, Le Touquet and Deauville—both resorts are opening for the season this weekend—and others have gone farther afield to the South of France, Italy and Spain, which air travel has made so near.

The Queen and Prince Philip will be at Windsor Castle with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, and it is expected that the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret will be nearby at Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park. The Queen, who, like Prince Philip and their children, enjoys riding when she is staying at Windsor, will also be able to watch some of the horses chosen for the British equestrian team at work.

HER MAJESTY has given permission for the horses and riders to train in Windsor Park for the Equestrian Olympics which open in Stockholm on Sunday, June 10. This event coincides with the last day of the State visit—June 8–10—of the Queen and Prince Philip to Stockholm, and they are sure to be present with the King and Queen of Sweden at the opening ceremony.

The Queen and Prince Philip are staying on in Sweden unofficially for a few days of the following week, when they will be joined by Princess Margaret and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester on board the Royal

yacht Britannia, and it is expected that the Royal party will spend much time watching the equestrian events. They return in time for the Order of the Garter Ceremony at Windsor on Monday, June 18, and for Royal Ascot which begins the following day.

* * *

I HEAR that the Queen Mother thoroughly enjoyed her recent visit to Paris, when she stayed at the British Embassy and opened the Franco-Scottish Exhibition at the Archives Building. Everyone present was charmed with her delightful little speech at the ceremony, which she made in fluent French.

The Princess Royal is also to visit France next month. She has been invited by the Governors of the University of Lille to receive the degree of Doctor, Honoris Causa, on April 25. On her way she is stopping in Paris where she will inspect units of the Royal Corps of Signals of which she is the Colonel-in-Chief. She is also Air Chief Commandant of Princess Mary's Royal Air Force Nursing Service, and during her stay will visit the R.A.F. wing of the French Military Hospital at Fontainebleau.

Another engagement during her two days in Paris will be to attend the annual dinner of the Paris branch of the Royal Society of St. George. During her visit the Princess will also stay with the British Ambassador and Lady Jebb at the British Embassy.

I hope to visit Le Touquet for part of Easter weekend, returning in time to go to Goodwood on Easter Monday for the British Automobile Racing Club meeting.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, wearing a ballet length maize coloured dress with a mink cape and lovely jewels, including her two row diamond necklace and her chandelier drop ear-rings, attended the première of *The Man Who Never Was* at the Carlton Theatre. This performance was given in aid of the Navy League. Boys of the Sea Cadet Corps, very smart in their uniform, formed a guard of honour. On arrival the Duchess was received by Earl Granville, President of the Council of the Navy League, who presented Mrs. Cyril Ross, chairman of the première committee. Members of the committee and some of the cast of the film were also presented to the Duchess, who was accompanied by Lady Rachel Davidson and Major Philip Hay.

BEFORE her arrival Earl Granville had a long talk in the foyer with Viscount Cilcennin, First Lord of the Admiralty. Other personalities present included Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald and Lady Weeks, Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney, Admiral Sir Ralph Edwards, Rear-Admiral R. D. Watson and Rear-Admiral A. M. C. Bingley, Sir John Lang, Permanent Secretary to the Admiralty, and his daughter, and Capt. N. L. A. Jewell, the submariner who during the war took over to the Mediterranean the body around which the story of the film revolves.

The Hon. Ewen Montagu, who wrote the book of *The Man Who Never Was* and played the part of the Air Vice-Marshal in the film, was present, also his brother Lord

Swaythling and his nephew the Hon. David Montagu, with his very attractive wife.

I saw Lord and Lady Brabazon of Tara, Major John and the Hon. Mrs. Wills, Major and Mrs. Eric Penn, the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell and her husband, who arrived a little later than the rest of the party, Lady Morvyth Benson and Col. John Ward. Among members of the film world I saw Gloria Grahame, Stephen Boyd the young Irish-Canadian actor who has his first major screen part in this film, Mr. Ronald Neame who directed the film, which was produced by Mr. André Hakim, and Mr. Bob McNaught the brilliant associate producer. I thought it an excellent piece of work, extremely well produced. The screenplay has been most successfully adapted by Nigel Balchin from the Hon. Ewen Montagu's book.

* * *

CHIEF Okorodudu, Commissioner for the Western Region of Nigeria, stood at the entrance to the fine ballroom at Londonderry House to receive several hundred guests at a reception he gave for the Honourable Chief Obafemi Awolowo, Premier of the Western Region of Nigeria, who was on a visit to this country with other members of the Economic Mission visiting Europe, the United States, Canada and Japan. Both were wearing their national costume as were many of their fellow countrymen and women present.

One of the first people I met was Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder, who was in scintillating form. The Earl of Home, Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations, came with the Countess of Home and they were having a long talk to the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, whom everyone was glad to see about again after her recent illness. Mr. Oliver Messel was greeting friends, as was Sir Jacob Epstein who faced a barrage of cameras with great calmness. Major Tufton Beamish was accompanied by his attractive wife, and among members of the Diplomatic Corps were Dr. and Dame Roberto Arias.

I met also Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks, who had given a small dinner party the previous evening to the Honourable Chief Obafemi Awolowo.

* * *

THE first of the big débutante cocktail parties around the time of the Royal Presentation parties was the joint one given by Baroness Ravensdale for Miss Jessica Harris, and Mrs. Derek Schreiber for her daughter Baroness Darcy de Knayth, whose father was killed in the war. Both girls are most attractive and are sure to have a big success during the season. The party was held in Baroness Ravensdale's delightful house in the Vale, Chelsea, where guests gathered in rooms on two floors, so there was always quite a lot of coming and going. Many of the young girls present had only arrived home from Paris that morning, and there was an air of excitement and anticipation about the whole party.

Among the débutantes I met were the Hon. Susan Remnant who had just returned from a wonderful trip to South America with her parents, who were also at the party, and Miss Susanna Cross the seventeen-year-old daughter of Sir Ronald Cross, Governor of Tasmania, and Lady Cross who had come to the party with one of her married sisters. Susanna was presented by Mrs. Derek Schreiber and has been staying with her grandfather in Rutland Gate.

Viscountess Maitland brought her daughter Lady Mary Maitland, Lord and Lady Brocket

Continued overleaf



THE VICTORIA LEAGUE held a committee meeting at 44 Grosvenor Square to discuss their forthcoming ball, to be held on July 3, which will be attended by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone. Lady Illingworth was hostess to some thirty members of the committee. Above: Mary, Duchess of Roxburghe, Lady Worsley and Maj.-Gen. Sir John Marriott

Mrs. James Armstrong and Mrs. Geoffrey Bolster

Lady Illingworth, Mr. Charles Collis and Lady Macadam



Mrs. Dudley Williams and Miss Stella Ling, the artist

Mrs. D. Wilberforce talking to Mrs. Graham Rowlandson

Van Hallan



Eric Coop

LADY ELLENBOROUGH, wife of the 8th Lord Ellenborough, is here with their son and heir the Hon. Rupert Law. She was formerly Miss Rachel Hedley, only daughter of Major Ivor Hedley. Her husband is an active member of the House of Lords and works for a City firm of stockbrokers. Lord and Lady Ellenborough have a house in Dorset and moved into a London house in Kensington last year

were there with their débutante daughter, and I met Lady Chesham, Mrs. Victor Seely, Mrs. Harold Huth, Mrs. Hubert Raphael and Prince Weikersheim who all brought their daughters. Other young girls I met included Miss Sally Hall, Miss Elizabeth Durlacher, and Miss Belinda Pascoe.

★ ★ ★

I WENT to a charming little ceremony at the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, in Grove End Road, to mark the beginning of their centenary appeal. The hospital was founded in 1856, just after the Crimean War, by the then Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Gainsborough, Lord Herries, Lord Petre, Sir John Bowyers and Cardinal Wiseman. The management was entrusted to the Sisters of Mercy among whom were four Sisters who had served under Florence Nightingale in the Crimea. Today the hospital is one of the best in the country, with up-to-date operating theatres, large airy wards, a number of private bedrooms, and a very modern children's ward, with a sliding roof for sunlight, only built two years ago.

Yet throughout the century the hospital (which has never become nationalized) has preserved a certain continuity. The Sisters of Mercy still form the nucleus of the nursing staff, the present Duke of Norfolk is president of the hospital, and the present chairman, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Henry Hope, is a great-grandson of one of the original founders.

The latter gave a short address before the Duchess of Norfolk, who was accompanied at the ceremony by the Duke of Norfolk, planted a Dieu Donne rose tree to commemorate the initiation of the centenary appeal. Sitting with the Duke and Duchess during the chairman's speech were His Eminence Cardinal Griffin, the Archbishop of Westminster, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Hope, the Mayor and Mayoress of St. Marylebone, Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbert Fitzherbert, Col. and Mrs. Guy Elwes and Baron and Baroness Clemens von Oer—he is President of the Westphalian branch of the Sovereign Military Order of Malta—and the Mother Prioress of the Convent of St. John and St. Elizabeth.

Standing each side, in the robes of their order of St. John of Jerusalem, were Lord Dormer and W/Cdr. Grant Ferris, M.P. Others present at the ceremony included Adele Countess Cadogan, Sir Edward Peacock, Sir David Davies, Senior Honorary Physician to the hospital, Major Robert O'Brien, the Hon. Treasurer and Chairman of the Finance Committee, Sister Mary Dunstan, the Matron, Mr. Michael Smyth, the Senior Honorary Surgeon, and Viscount Furness.

THIS hospital is kept going entirely by voluntary contributions, and is not state aided, although since the National Health Scheme came into operation, more kind and generous people have supported this hospital than before and its annual income has increased—but so, too, has the cost of upkeep

and also the number of patients admitted.

These latter rose from 1,783 in 1947 to 2,578 in 1954 and their number is ever increasing while income by no means meets the outgoings. It is for this reason that the hospital in its centenary year is going to the public for £250,000 to make sure that it can carry on its great tradition of nursing and healing for another one hundred years. Please help—and when you read this arrange a covenant, make a codicil to your will, or send a donation, no matter how small, to the Centenary Fund, Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, London, N.W.8.

★ ★ ★

To the many English visitors going to Paris for Easter, and Parisians in their own city, I suggest a visit to the Galleries André Weil on Avenue Matignon. Today (March 28) there opens an exhibition of paintings by a very talented young artist, Mr. Teddy Millington-Drake, son of Sir Eugen and Lady Millington-Drake. He has studied art in Paris and has just been on a five months tour in the Middle East visiting the Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Persia, Jordan and Egypt, and the pictures are all of this trip. The exhibition is open until April 11.

Sir Eugen and Lady Millington-Drake sold their lovely home in Hill Street a couple of years ago and now have a charming place in Tripoli where their son and other members of their family are living with them. Their daughter Marie who, like her parents, is much travelled, is building a house in Cyprus.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Sandown to watch four races on the first day of the Grand Military meeting which, like the N.H. Festival at Cheltenham, was favoured with sunshine. The Queen Mother, who only had flown back from Paris that morning, was present, also the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. The Royal party came out into the paddock before the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase and before the Grand Military Gold Cup. This latter was won for the fourth time by Major David Gibson of the Welsh Guards riding his own horse Cottage Lace.

Major Gibson, who won the race three times previously on Klaxton, did not ride at the meeting last year as he had had a very bad fall on Cottage Lace at Cheltenham which kept him out of the saddle for many months. He received a tremendous ovation when he returned to the unsaddling enclosure, where a little later the Queen Mother presented him with the Gold Cup. The following day he won the Past and Present Handicap Chase on his Greenogue. His parents Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and his brother-in-law and sister, Capt. and Mrs. H. F. R. Homfray, were there to see his success.

Among the big crowd racing were the Duke of Devonshire, whom I saw talking to Miss Monica Sheriffe, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, the Marchioness of Cambridge, walking up to the paddock with General Sir Richard McCreery, and the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny who had their débutante daughter, Lady Anne Nevill, who looked very attractive in a tailored red tweed coat and black beret, with them.

ANOTHER pretty débutante I met was Miss Kirsty Sellar, a gay and vivacious girl who rides well. She was with her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sellar, who were delighted at the success of their horse Pyrene, which they trained themselves, in the Past and Present Hunters Steeplechase. Pyrene was

[Continued on page 552]



Captain Anthony Wilson and Miss Frances Wild



The 5th (Hunts) Bn. of the Northamptonshire Regiment, T.A., gave an enjoyable ball at Hinchingbrooke House, Northampton. Above: Major and Mrs. Gordon McNish and Col. R. K. McMichael



Mrs. R. A. Fell, Mr. F. Griffen and Mr. F. R. Parsons

Captain and Mrs. M. Jonas



Major G. A. Gresham, R.A.M.C., Brig. J. Sykes-Wright, Mrs. J. Sykes-Wright and Mrs. G. A. Gresham

Major E. W. Kitchen and Brig. and Mrs. R. E. Osborne-Smith



G. Hards



SEEKING THE SUN IN THE BAHAMAS

VISCOUNT and Viscountess Hardinge are seen above with their hosts Mrs. and Mr. E. P. Taylor of Toronto. Lord and Lady Hardinge, who now make their home in Montreal, were staying in Nassau with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor at "Tamarind," the charming house they recently bought from Sir Francis and Lady Peek. Below: Lord Manton in the garden of the Nassau home of Mr. and Mrs. John Bryce, with whom he and Lady Manton were staying. They live at Plumpton Place, near Lewes



Jareis Darville

very well ridden for them by the Hon. John Lawrence. I met the Earl and Countess of Cottenham who had a runner in the last race, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson, Brig. and Mrs. Tom Draffen, Lord Patrick Beresford escorting Miss Joanna Smith Bingham who looked very pretty, Mr. John Baillie who won a race on the second day with Spumante, and Major Ronnie Aird. Major the Hon. Julian Berry and his very pretty wife were watching the horses in the paddock with Sir Peter and Lady Grant Lawson.

Nearby I saw Col. and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson with their son in the paddock before he rode his Cardinal's Drum in the Gold Cup, and Maj.-Gen. Dawnay and his son Mr. Hugh Dawnay who rode his father's Flying Rosette in the race, Col. and Mrs. Stephen Eve, Mrs. Tom Barty King whose husband is away on business in Australia, Mr. "Pop" Onslow Fane, and Mr. and Mrs. Alan Wood whose Never Say When finished second in the Beech Open Steeplechase won by Mr. J. Dunlop's Nickleby.

Also there were Cdr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Mrs. Maurice Kingscote, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Weld-Forester, the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken and her sister Mrs. Fulke Walwyn and Major Stirling Stuart, who was one of the stewards for the Open races with Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden, Cdr. H. S. Egerton, and Mr. John Rogerson.

★ ★ ★

How seldom one gets an invitation to a musical party. In Edwardian days when many young girls were brought up to play the piano, the violin or some other instrument, or to sing, as were many of the young men too, it was the fashion to give these parties as there was plenty of talent to call on. But with the arrival of the gramophone, the wireless and later television, this has ended. So I was extremely interested to hear of a delightful small musical party given recently at which guests were entertained by two talented young artists.

The hostess was Mrs. Archie Savory, who gave the party in Mrs. Ronnie Renton's charming Mulberry Walk house in Chelsea which she kindly lent for the occasion. Eleanor Retallack (Mrs. Tim Retallack) who is very accomplished, played, and among the pieces she chose were works by Brahms and Scarlatti. Mrs. Savory's daughter Gillian, now Mrs. Robin Younger, also contributed to the enjoyment of the evening when she sang songs and played her own accompaniment on her guitar. Both performances were received with delight and enthusiasm by the guests.

BOTH artists, who are only twenty-three, are very talented and in spite of being married and running their houses very efficiently, take their art seriously and practise many hours a day. Eleanor Retallack has given several recitals and broadcast several times for the Scottish B.B.C., her latest broadcast being on March 20, while Gillian, who plays under her maiden name Gillian Savory, has performed on ITV and done a two weeks' solo cabaret at the Royal Court Theatre club under the management of Clement Freud.

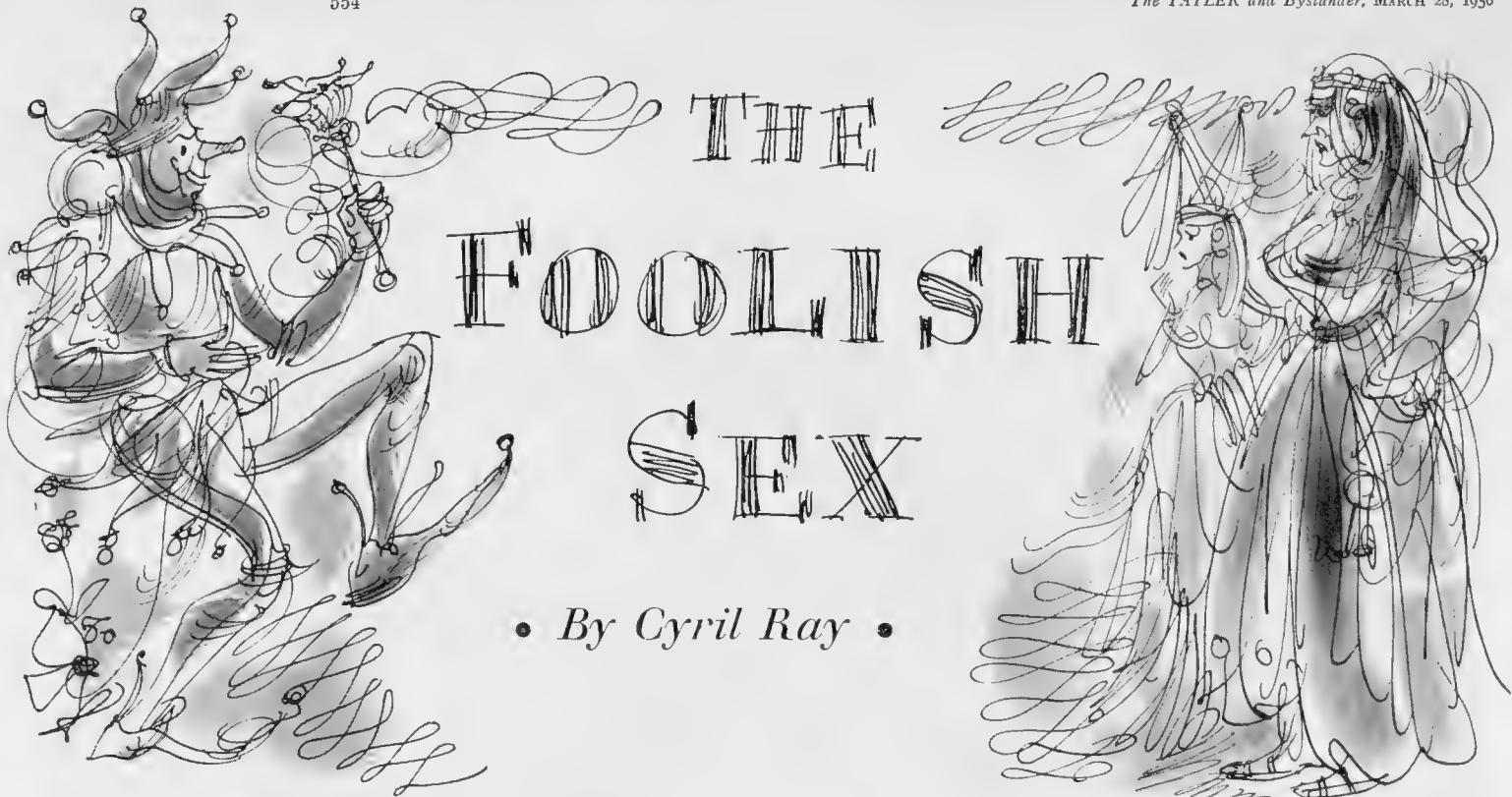
Friends who came to the musical party included Earl and Countess Mountbatten of Burma who a few days later left on their tour of the Far East, Mr. and Mrs. Ronnie Renton, Major and Mrs. Hugh Renton, Major and Mrs. Hugh Baillie the parents of Mrs. Retallack, Prince and Princess Dimitri of Russia, Sir Shuldm and Lady Redfern, Major John Hargreaves, Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly, Lady Illingworth, General and Mrs. Nigel Duncan, Mr. David and Lady Cecilia McKenna and Sir Richard and Lady Harvey.



Barry Swaebe

A débutante sits for a sculptor

*M*ISS Madeleine Drage, seventeen-year-old sister of the ballerina Mary Drage, and a débutante this year, is seen sitting for David McFall, who was one of the youngest sculptors to be elected an A.R.A. in 1955. Miss Drage poses in his Chelsea studio while the sculptor's hands put finishing touches to the bust modelled in clay, prior to its being cast in bronze. She is the younger daughter of Commander and Mrs. Charles Drage



• By Cyril Ray •

THE first April Fool they say was Father Noah, who sent out from the Ark, on April 1, the dove that found no rest for the sole of her foot, for the waters were on the face of the whole earth.

So they say, and I, for one, don't believe them. Not that I'm disputing the date—only the folly. It wasn't all that foolish of Noah, everything considered, to want to see what the weather was like. ("Wet underfoot," was the answer.) Men have done sillier things than that, on all the other 360-odd days of the year, all the years since Noah, and their follies been forgotten. Noah was more sensible than most.

Mind you, he comes of the more foolish sex. They are wrong, no doubt, who call Noah a fool, but they are many. None, on the other hand—not one—has ever breathed a word against Mrs. Noah. The first of a long line, she has always seemed to me—the first of a long line of *sensible* women. You can just see her, can't you, giving good advice to her daughters-in-law, Mrs. Shem and Mrs. Ham, and sensibly pretending not to notice the rather flighty piece that young Japheth was making sheep's eyes at, just before the weather turned nasty (but equally sensibly omitting to send her an invitation to the ark-warming); cleaning up after all those animals; and wearing sensible low-heeled shoes that would slip easily into Wellingtons. The sensible sex, you see.

FOR although the poet has written of lovely woman stooping to folly he was referring not to the dictionary's primary meaning for the word: "the quality or state of being foolish, want of good sense, weakness or derangement of the mind," but to the subsidiary definition: "lewdness, wantonness"—and that's quite another matter.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,
The evening can be awfully jolly."

sang, in a competition the other day, a reader of the *New Statesman and Nation*, and a reader of that journal ought to know.

But folly in the ancient sense—whether the folly that is sent on an April Fool's errand to the dairy for a pint of dove's milk, or the ironmonger for a penn'orth of strap oil; or the professional folly that wears a cap and bells—ah, that's a man's job. Not that there aren't comediennes as well as comedians, but where are the female clowns?

They are as rare as, in the days of court jesters, the female of that privileged and well-paid species. And they were rare indeed, though not unknown. The last of the line of female court jesters died in 1722, jokeress to the Duchess von Sachsen-Weissenfels-Dahme. It isn't surprising that she died; what one wonders is what on earth she found to be funny about, to a mistress with a name like that.

The great practical jokesters of history, like the great clowns

and great court buffoons, have all, I fancy, been men. And it is men they have made fools of.

It was a man, and his male friends, who persuaded the Mayor of Cambridge that he was the Sultan of Zanzibar, with his suite, being in fact a Cambridge undergraduate; it was men who dug up Piccadilly for the fun of it; and a man who perpetrated the most splendid and spectacular practical joke in history: the Berlin cobbler, Wilhelm Voigt who, on October 16, 1906, dressed in the uniform of a captain in the Guards—a uniform that didn't fit, but no matter—arrested the burgomaster of Köpenick, appropriated the contents of his safe, and left a name, the Captain of Köpenick, that made German guardsmen and



German burgomasters red at the folds of the neck for a generation.

I have been saying that to play practical jokes is a masculine frolic, but there are exceptions, as to all such sweeping statements.

A photograph lies before me even now—a little yellowing, for it must be nearer fifty years old than forty—of the bold half-dozen who, before the Kaiser's war, had the impudence to fool the Royal Navy, as the Berlin cobbler had had the impudence to fool the German Army, an institution equally sacred in its own eyes. There, side by side, looking very stiff and extremely implausible, so that it is hard to understand how they could have fooled anybody, are "the Emperor of Abyssinia" and his suite, their faces blackened and bearded by the great Willy Clarkson himself (save for Horace de Vere Cole in a top hat and his own moustache) who mugged up a few phrases of Swahili from a grammar published by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, descended upon the flagship of the Channel Fleet, H.M.S. Dreadnought, at Weymouth, and were accorded the honours due even, or perhaps I should say especially, to dusky and beturbaned royalty.

And on the extreme left of the self-conscious little sextet, her hands in the capacious sleeves of her robe, her eyes rather unnaturally bright in the dark and, for the nonce, bewiskered face, is the one woman in the plot—the only woman that I know of to have been concerned in any of the classic jokes of modern times, and the most unexpected: Virginia Woolf.

MRS. WOOLF was a wit and a scholar, and she must have delicately, rather than uproariously, enjoyed the joke; and been able, too, as fewer women than men would have been able, and at that time, to join in the snatches from Virgil and from Homer with which her fellow-plotters augmented their even more fragmentary Swahili.

But Mrs. Woolf, of course, was the fine flower of higher education for women, and it may well be that that brings us to the reason why until her time there had been so few female fools and so few female jokers—that it is only in our own time that women have been educated up to it: to playing pranks, and to making fools of others. Children go to school to have the nonsense knocked out of them, the saying goes; and then to the university to have it put back again. More and more women go to British universities now than ever: what fun we're going to have!

Illustrated by Owen Ward





British Olympic dressage rider

Photographs by Desmond O'Neill



Left: Mrs. V. D. S. Williams with her two horses, ten-year-old Nepal and the famous Pilgrim. Above: Riding Pilgrim she illustrates the extended trot.

At the Races

A MATTER OF MUSCLE

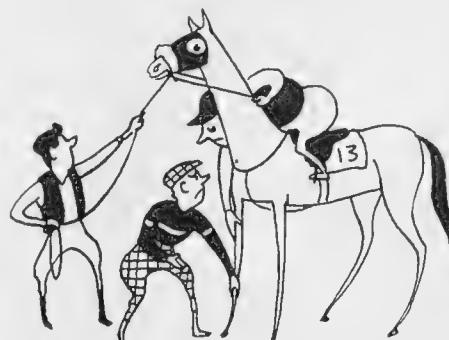
IT was just a sheer waste of anyone's breath to say that this year's Grand National was "open"! What steeplechase is not, and especially the Grand National. However, it seemed everybody was practically going to have a bet even if it was only a bob. There is no charge for having an opinion even though it is not legal evidence.

For a race like this a horse's jumping muscles must be absolutely right. These muscles include everything connected with his "propellers" from his gaskins onwards. I do not know how many people there may be who read these notes who have been actually in this steeplechasing business, but I can personally testify that amongst the first muscles to get tired are those big ones down your back. Unless they are as hard and as hefty as a brace of boa constrictors, you will be tired to bits before you are through with the job. It is the same with a horse.

Of course all steeplechase jockeys are supposed to be as hard as all that, but even the hardest of them needs every bit of it by the time he gets to the end of that $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles with a hatful of jumping thrown in for good measure.

Whether in future it would be a good thing to alter the dates for the great jumping festival at Cheltenham and run that Meeting after, instead of before, the Grand National is an open question and there will be as many opinions one way as the other.

CERTAINLY after our deplorable experiences this winter, any scheme to dodge a repetition would be justified; and if the Gold Cup were run after the Grand National it would not really make a great deal of difference to most people's programme, for any hopeful



owner could still go for the Double if he felt that way. The principal objection has been that the two great events, Gold Cup and Grand National, have been too close together. There is no suggestion that there is any real comparison that can be drawn between Cheltenham and Aintree, for the distances and the courses are so diametrically different, but something can be done about the breathing space in between. Cheltenham is no baby course, but a race there cannot take as much out of a horse as one over the Aintree rasper.

It has been said, and I expect most people are prepared to believe it, that any horse, whether he wins the National or not, that has been up in the fighting line in the National deserves at least six months' time in which to recover.

OLDEN MILLERS do not grow upon every bush, and I should say that it is as difficult to train a horse to win over Cheltenham's $3\frac{1}{4}$ miles and Aintree's $4\frac{1}{2}$ as it is to train one to win the Guineas and the Derby. Of course this has been done quite often but the problem for the trainer remains the same and it is a knotty one.

Some there have been who have never tried to get that right and left. In any case, whether it is the Gold Cup and the National, or the Guineas and the Derby, I think an exceptional animal is demanded to bring it off. A horse is not a machine, as has been said many a time, and you cannot just fill him up with petrol, step on the accelerator and expect him to go. That to us horsy chaps would be a very dull entertainment, just as bad as a motor-boat race between Putney and Mortlake would be to the Wet Bobs.

—Sabretache

FOR the first time Great Britain has entered competitors for the dressage event in the equestrian Olympic Games at Stockholm this year. So far two out of the three entries allowed have been chosen, Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, photographs of whom appear on these pages, and Mrs. L. Johnstone. Mrs. Williams is our leading dressage rider, and her 19-year-old horse Pilgrim has been unbeaten in Britain during the past four years. She will ride Pilgrim, or Nepal, a younger horse who shows great promise. Mrs. Williams is the wife of Col. V. D. S. Williams, a past president of the British Horse Society. They live at Farnham Royal, Bucks, and have been pioneers of dressage in Britain since 1936, when Col. Williams, who had founded the British Riding Club, brought a Belgian expert over to give instruction



Above: Mrs. Williams riding Nepal. Right: In her sitting-room here above the fireplace is a Lionel Edwards painting of her on Pilgrim. Below: Col. and Mrs. Williams with Nepal and Pilgrim





Roundabout

THE new scheme for the surroundings of St. Paul's, the work of Sir William Holford, will relegate Paternoster Row, as we knew it, to the limbo and myth of Wych Street. The latter was, as Stacy Aumonier remarked in his most brilliant and irritating short story, "a melancholy little street." It was, until its destruction, the Booksellers' Row of London, the original headquarters of half the shops in Charing Cross Road. It ran from St. Clement Danes to Drury Lane and its course has been utterly erased by the building of the Aldwych and Kingsway.

I speak (unlike the wily Mr. Aumonier) with authority because I have a Baedeker for 1892 lying open before me, so there is no room for argument, however clear one's memory. The same volume lists, among entertainments, "Toole's Theatre" (Burlesques—Mr. William Toole), Terry's, 105 the Strand (Mr. William Terry) and of course the Royal Olympic, Wych Street.

Occasionally in this catalogue it says in capital letters "Electric Light." Stalls were always half a guinea, which is a notable commentary on the singularly small cost in the rise of some aspects of living.

Youngman Carter

Paternoster Row was a centre of book publishing. One of its inhabitants before the blitz of 1940 was a firm of enormous ramifications, each untidy room being occupied by a subsidiary with a separate publisher's name.

The Victorian buildings—for several were knocked into one—always seemed to be undergoing slow and slovenly repairs. Temporary but dusty barriers abounded and small staircases, booklined with the failures of yesteryear, led to minute cobwebby sanctums where men published, with impartiality, the works of Edgar Wallace and *The Secrets Of The*

Pyramids. In the corridor of this warren I saw the only ghost I have ever encountered for a certainty. He was a book traveller of the old school, wearing habitually a square bowler of Churchillian vintage, a frock coat and a red carnation: a large, garrulous man with a white moustache browned by solace at its nether edge.

This was "Farmer" Roberts, the greatest commercial traveller of his age.

He resented his enforced retirement and his habit in life was to haunt the corridors, an ancient mariner with many tales to tell, waylaying the unwary or those with an hour or two to spare. But the last time he hailed me, regardless of courtesy, I hurried past.

He was as vivid and as redolent as ever, and it was several weeks later that I found the old man had died two years before.

★ ★ ★

A NEWCOMER to the splendid gallery of foreign newspapers has appeared recently. This is *El Hubbub*, which originates from North Africa. I hope it gathers its information from the Egyptian news agency which was known irreverently during the war as "Aha Alarm and Old Misery," a sister bureau of the famous Japanese institution which always sounds like "Itchy Itchy Scratch Tum."

"Old Misery" during the open conflict years supplied a great deal of news to the *Egyptian Mail*, the English language journal of Cairo and of the troops in those parts. It was controlled by the Army in those days and it was the custom to run special pages for troops, omitting such irrelevances as cotton prices and the movements of local celebrities. This led occasionally to difficulties, for it was the military way to publish nostalgic photographs of home, to refresh the memories of those in the Western Desert, an idea which did not always work smoothly. The most memorable slip occurred beneath a photograph of H.M. King Farouk greeting a newly formed cabinet of be-fezzed dignitaries. The caption read: "Tired old cab horses live a life of ease during their last years in the sunshine of peaceful Sussex meadows."

★ ★ ★

THE Stalin legend, which the Russians are now trying to destroy, will not die easily, for their late dictator spent half his life creating it personally. He erased contrary evidence here, a picture there, and surrounded himself with new myths wherever he moved. He was not always successful.

After the Teheran Conference the British Ambassador, Sir Reeder Bullard, told me of this foible of Stalin's and how he had worked upon it in the presence of Sir Winston and President Roosevelt. Sir Reeder was unimpressed because he had lived in Russia for many years and spoke the language fluently, thus dispensing on social occasions in the conference with the official interpreter. Stalin assured him that he knew London well and had in fact lived in Limehouse as a student, a tale which is probably apocryphal. He also introduced Marshal



MRS. MIRABEL D. TOPHAM is the power behind the scenes of one of the world's greatest steeplechases, the Grand National. She is the principal of Tophams, Ltd., owners and managers of Aintree racecourse, and one of the best-known and highly respected individuals in the world of racing. A brilliant business woman, possessing exceptional powers of administration and organization, she has for the last quarter of a century dealt ably with owners, trainers and all the many interests which make up a great racecourse. Her latest achievement was the building of the car racing track at Aintree, where the 1955 British Grand Prix was run

Voroshilov as "the first Commissar I ever made," a naïve piece of self-glorification which had no foundation in fact.

The military net of security on this occasion had one curious loophole which made a great nonsense of the regulations. Any informed inhabitant of Cairo, Alexandria or Baghdad in the weeks preceding the conference could have stated the venue with complete authority, for there was an exodus to Teheran of all the best chefs from the major hotels of the Middle East. When I asked my own C.O. for permission to attend the conference as the senior Army newspaper man in the area, he told me that it was a breach of security to mention the subject and that in any case I should never listen to gossip.

★ ★ ★

COINCIDENCE is no blessing to writers of fiction, but sometimes a boon to journalists. Some years ago my telephone rang and a voice with a decent clerkly resonance said "This is the bank speaking your lordship." It brushed aside my disclaimer and continued "About this loan. I'm afraid we have rather disappointing news for you. The directors

have decided we can't manage more than a quarter of a million. I hope you can fit that into your plans."

I was in the middle of explaining (a) that I had secretly changed my name, (b) that my new address might be a shock to them, and (c) that I would like immediate delivery in a plain van, when the voice became rather huffy and the conversation ended with a click.

I mentioned this incident only the other day to an eminent friend who is a banker. He said: "Yes, I remember that conversation vividly. I was sitting next to the silly ass when he made the call."

★ ★ ★

PAUL HOLT, for whom a Memorial Service is held this day at St. Dunstan's, was one of the gentler spirits of Fleet Street. His voice was soft, and his prematurely white hair gave him an old-young appearance which was disarming and deceptive.

He was among the most civilized and sophisticated observers of his era, but when he exclaimed "Oh, but the Emperor has no clothes on at all!" it was not with the voice or mind of a child. On those occasions he spoke with an authority which had the particular significance of wisdom, as opposed to the brass note of a headline. It was this quality which made him a peerless companion and a critic to be respected and sometimes feared.

HE had about him an air of informed integrity and a gift for espying the chinks in the armour of the Great through which perhaps the essential oils sometimes crept into their works. "Ah," he would say, "he's such a fat man, and he's asthmatic. Don't you think that explains him?" and a politician would jump into life and into perspective before one's eyes.

It was this quality of observation into the vital trivia of backgrounds which made him one of the most readable and discriminating war correspondents.

He covered not only the facts—and in finding these he was both courageous and painstaking—but the subtler airs which made the truth of particular significance. His account of the surrender of the German Army on Lüneburg Heath to Field-Marshal Montgomery is a classic example of good reporting, with not a word wasted, and in the lines of fading newsprint the tension of that tented drama is captured more vividly than by any other pen.

His was a still, small voice, but I think historians of our time, and students of manners, will find his writing a mine of colour as rich in A.D. 2056 as it has been to his readers in this hard-pressed age.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control, in this issue of The TATLER certain regular features have had to be omitted.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that it is hoped to resume normal publication as soon as possible, when the well-known contributors now absent will be restored.



Mr. A. Lillington and Mrs. David Keith



Miss N. Cayzer and Mr. A. Macintosh

Janie Bennett and Mary Clarke



Major J. Seely on Lucas, winning the United Hunt Club Race

A UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINT

THE Cambridge University United Hunt Club point-to-point was held at Cottenham, Cambridgeshire. There was a strong entry for this always popular event, which was well supported by members of the University and their friends, and keen racegoers from all over the county

Lt.-Col. E. H. Deacon and Mrs. Deacon

Lord Luke, a steward, and Col. T. T. Hurrell





Miss A. Butler with Mr. L. Enster who
won the Farmer's Race



Mr. and Mrs. Michael
Pratt



Mr. and Mrs. Rex Carter



Mr. H. M. Hadid, Mr. C. P. Stockbridge and Mrs. G. Willes



Miss Angela Gaussen and Mr. Duncan
Rawson-Mackenzie



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Eugenie Cowell, Mr. Richard Marler, Mr. Richard Picton-Warlow,
Miss Valerie Engelmann, and Miss Margaret Scott Robson



Mr. Tim Goad accompanying Miss
Elise Newcome-Baker

At the Theatre

GRIMALKIN AVENGED

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

ONE gets more and more nervous in the presence of dear old ladies. There is nothing, according to the modern playwright, of which they are not capable. Like Miss Mabel, they may proceed in an aura of parochial respectability from the forging of a will to the doing-in of the wicked sister, whose money the will distributes with a noble beneficence. Or, prinked out in old lace, feeling delicately for their packets of arsenic, they may go in for mass murder.

It is for the approval of a dear old lady living in a Kensington boarding house that Mr. Terence Rattigan proposes to write. Let him keep a wary eye on Aunt Edna. I warn him that she may yet murder his best play.

That would be a crime far exceeding in enormity the lethal lacing of the landlady's whisky by the three old ladies of *Tabitha*, a comedy thriller by Arnold Ridley (of *The Ghost Train* fame) and Mary Cathcart Borer. Dear old ladies always plan murder with the best of motives; and the newcomers, delightfully represented by Miss Marjorie Fielding, Miss Christine Silver and Miss Janet Barrow, are no exceptions. It is true they have been put into a state of desperation by the landlady's extortionate demand for another five shillings a week rent from her impoverished lodgers. They would have endured the fresh exaction as they have endured so much else if the odious woman had not also poisoned their pet cat. This monstrous crime makes them hopping mad.

FEELING as they feel, it is perhaps unwise for them to open one of the two half bottles of whisky sent to Janet as the only regular Christmas gifts she now receives. A little whisky on the ill-nourished works wonders. The primly authoritative ringleader is Miss Fielding. To a spinster-like delight in strong drink, she adds the relentless logic of a bitter old woman. Since the landlady has no sort of right to help herself to her lodger's whisky locked away in a private cupboard, why should they not drop what is left of the poor cat's poison into the half empty bottle? If she leaves alone what doesn't belong to her, no harm will be done. If she is so unprincipled as to drink someone else's whisky and dies of the offence, whose fault will that be but her own?

While Miss Fielding, flushed with righteous indignation, has flounced away to put on her hat, the other two, who are made of less sternly logical stuff, think better of the plan. They empty the bottle they have poisoned away and leave the other bottle to take its chance in the locked cupboard. On their return from an old folks' Christmas party they are much taken aback to find that the plan has worked apparently of its own volition. The horrid landlady is as dead as a doornail. Being dear old ladies, they do not much mind that, but with the arrival of the police, it is clear to them that strong suspicion is falling on the landlady's



"TABITHA" (Duchess Theatre). The Inspector (Philip Stanton, left) finds that a highly vocal form of indigestion severely interferes with his criminal investigations. Below: Mrs. Prendergast (Marjorie Fielding), the dominant one of the trio, is formidably in favour of taking a life for a life. Miss Bowering (Janet Barrow) on the other hand, is full of apprehension, while Miss Goldworthy (Christine Silver) twitters uncertainly upon the brink of such a lethal decision

daughter to whom, in their youth-starved plight, they are devoted.

Is it possible that when they threw away the whisky they had poisoned they threw away the wrong bottle? Miss Fielding at once sees that this is just what her weak-kneed confederates may have done. There is nothing for it then but for them to write a confession and sample the remaining bottle for themselves. This is an extremely funny scene, and it is quite beautifully played, by Miss Fielding with a certain malicious satisfaction, by Miss Silver with good natured, tearful sentiment and by Miss Barrow with gormless pathos. They bid each other gentle farewells and bravely set about the poisoned bottle. They are duly found by the police—alive but incapable, happily mumbling memories of bygone social grandeur.

A COMEDY thriller has to be very good indeed if the comedy and the thrills are to mix easily. There are some uneasy transitions in this instance from successful comic situations to situations which somewhat embarrassingly introduce human feeling; but the mixture on the whole comes out well as entertainment. It owes quite a deal to Mr. Philip Stanton, whose detective-inspector with his lumberingly serviceable intelligence and his proneness to undignified fits of hiccupping helps to make a bridge between the fantastic old ladies and those like Miss Ann Leon and Mr. Jack Watling, who have to give the mystery its serious tension. Miss Gillian Lind makes sure that the victim of the old ladies shall deserve her fate.





Armstrong Jones

MURIEL HARDING

ONE of the principal sopranos of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, Muriel Harding is seen here as Elsie in *The Yeomen of the Guard*. She has been singing leading rôles with the company for several years, before which, during the war, she took part in more than seven hundred troop shows and many charity concerts. Her home is in Cambridge, where

she was an amateur of considerable standing. With the D'Oyly Carte she began in the chorus, but her pure soprano voice and dramatic experience quickly won her promotion, and among the rôles she now sings are Gianetta in *The Gondoliers*, Princess Ida in the opera of that name, which has been revived by the company recently, Josephine in *H.M.S. Pinafore* and Mabel in *The Pirates of Penzance*. Her recreations are swimming, riding and cooking. She is married to Donald Adams, a leading bass with the company.



THE QUEEN and Prince Philip bid farewell to the town of Ajaccio as their launch returns to Britannia. A picture taken on their recent Mediterranean holiday cruise

BRITANNIA WAIVES THE RULES

• Capt. Jack Broome, D.S.C., R.N. •



Vice-Admiral Sir E. M. Conolly Abel Smith, K.C.V.O., C.B., who commands Britannia, seen on the bridge of the Royal Yacht

from the Crusades and would, by modern standards, frequently have been spotted off Acre by Infidel aircraft. Scottish Kings had their yachts, too. In 1489 James IV bought one for £180. (Purchase Tax, armament and crew £276 12s. extra.)

QUEEN Elizabeth I never made a sea voyage, but Charles the Second made up for it by owning seventeen yachts between twenty and two hundred tons. George I followed with fifteen, but in an outburst of economy one had to be sold to the Merchant Navy. Of this incident Dr. Sheldon McKenzie wrote:

Behold the fate of sublunary things
She now exporteth coal who once imported Kings.

George II raised the tonnage to 278 with the Royal Sovereign, along whose waterline . . . "were rich ornaments of leaves and medallions representing the four cardinal virtues. Upon the whole there was an abundance of gingerbread work."

Steam replaced sail in Queen Victoria's reign when the first

of the three Victoria and Alberts was launched in 1848. The first two were paddle steamers. The second, launched in 1855, was undoubtedly the favourite and she remained in commission for fifty-five years. To quote from a contemporary report, ". . . if her success as a ship was mainly due to Oliver Lang, her success as a floating home was exclusively due to the Prince Consort who made himself responsible for the minutest detail in the fitting out of the Royal apartments. At a time when the *nouveau-riche* had set the fashion of heavy gold leaf decoration he had the apartments painted in white with such a suspicion of gold leaf as relieved rather than oppressed the eye. In the maintenance of furniture he showed how lightness could be compared with strength. It was all a complete revulsion from the inartistic monstrosities of domestic ornamentation of the day."

Her Majesty never went on board.

Throughout her life Victoria and Albert III had the distinction of being the world's largest yacht. She displaced 4,700 tons and her crew of 367 officers and men were the first to live permanently on board a Royal Yacht. Forty per cent of her graceful hull provided space for the Royal Family, their guests and their suite. The upper deck dining-room could seat about thirty guests. Their Majesties' private rooms occupied the forepart of the State deck below, the remainder of which was divided into cabins and bathrooms. Throughout the ship's life there was a bell in the lady-in-waiting's bathroom that was labelled "Footman."

By this time Royal Yacht Service had become specialized. An admiral was in command. Officers and men were specially selected. Discipline was of a high order. No master-at-arms was carried because no punishments were awarded. The spoken order was rarely given as it



Britannia's coat of arms, ship's bell and magnetic compass dating back to 1817

was expected that everyone knew what to do. Boats were hoisted by signs instead of shouts, rubber-soled shoes were worn by watchkeepers at night.

The Royal Yachtsmen were selected from volunteers who fulfilled high qualities of character, service and physique. The crew consisted of a large core of permanent Royal Yachtsmen supplemented for cruises by naval ratings. Royal Yachtsmen wore white and silver badges instead of red and gold and their cap ribbons were inscribed "Royal Yacht" with a red and gold crown.

Normally she was ready for service from April to November, refitting as necessary during the winter months.

From her commissioning date to World War One, Victoria and Albert III steamed on an average of seven thousand miles a year, with the Eastern Mediterranean as her limit. During that period the Royal Family paid eleven State visits to parts of the Empire—beyond the yacht's range—in warships and other vessels. World War One found no particular use for her and in the peace that followed her cruises decreased considerably. Between 1921 and 1931 she only ventured once beyond the Channel. Gradually she became part of the permanent landscape of Portsmouth Dockyard, and World War Two saw her pay off and become an accommodation ship.

VICTORY days (Europe and Japan) therefore found us with a Commonwealth longing to be visited by its Royal Family who were in the rare position of being yachtless. Thus H.M.S. Vanguard proudly filled the gap for the Royal South African Tour in 1947 and became the last battleship in history to perform such a function. H.M.S. Surprise became the saluting platform for 1953's Coronation Review, but there was still no Royal Yacht, and that very formidable ghost-fleet of ex-Royal Yachts was getting a bit anxious about the installation of another representative.

In 1954, when the final remains of Victoria and Albert III were being scrapped, the Britannia was completed. The ghost-fleet breathed again and expressed instant approval that she carried the name of the finest racing yacht ever built, one which carried away no fewer than 231 firsts and 129 seconds and thirds from 635 starts.

H.M.Y. Britannia weighs less and carries less crew than her predecessor. In tonnage and complement she compares more with a modern destroyer. She is divided up in much the same way as the Victoria and Alberts, in that the Royal quarters occupy about forty per cent of the space, but the crew of the Britannia gain considerably by the reduction in space required by modern machinery.

Like the Prince Consort in 1855, Prince Philip has always taken a great interest in her and he visited her frequently when she was building and fitting out on the Clyde.

Unlike her predecessors she has been built with conversion to a hospital ship well in view. There is a lift installed, the larger rooms can readily become wards, there are skylights for operating theatres and plenty of bathrooms. She is thoroughly up-to-date in her equipment which, in terms of communications, navigation and domestic comfort, puts her as far ahead of Victoria and Albert III as she, in turn, was ahead of sail. Operationally Britannia is world-wide.

SOME yacht service traditions have been retained. There is still an admiral. Officers and men are specially selected. Same uniform. No shouting. No master-at-arms. But the large permanent core of Royal Yachtsmen has shrunk considerably and now it is mainly a term of service. Altogether she seems to have kept the best and discarded all the mustiness. She is a much livelier vessel with a real purpose in peace or war.

Since she sailed on her maiden voyage in April, 1954 carrying the Royal children to rejoin their parents, she has crossed the Atlantic four times and steamed altogether somewhere around 30,000 miles.

In the Navy of today conditions have evolved the Headquarters Ship—a mobile brain centre manned and equipped to conduct and control anything from any part of the ocean. In her own fashion Britannia fills this rôle, too. When she cruises State papers do not pile up in baskets ashore, they are dealt with from mid-ocean or wherever she happens to be. While the Royal Standard floats from the main and while Prince Philip is on board she is very much the State Headquarters as well as being Her Majesty's Yacht.



Among her other voyages the Britannia has crossed the Atlantic four times, and is here entering Aberdeen Harbour after bringing Prince Philip home from his Canadian tour in 1954



The Queen's drawing-room (above) on Britannia is marked by comfortable furniture and cleverly disposed lighting. Below: part of Prince Philip's sitting-room, with its model of the frigate H.M.S. Magpie which he once commanded





Left: Harvane's cerise pastel organza boater, with wide streamer back reflecting a couture trend

Below: a natural petal straw boater in blonde sugar, also by Harvane, has a delightfully cool effect

Opposite page: large white organdie hat crowned by a white flower with green velvet centre. It is from Liberty's Model Millinery Dept.



THE CROWNING SUAVITY

THE best of the spring hats have a simplicity this year which is deceptive. Qualities of texture and a pleasant severity of outline make them, as these examples show, bright pinnacles of the daytime toilette. Note especially the cunning with which the boater theme is handled



Michel Molinare



Michel Molinare

NOW that winter is passing, the half and three-quarter length coats and wraps are coming into their own. The four luxurious examples here are (left) royal pastel mink full jacket, with circular worked sleeves, from Tico; plus Simone Mirman's gingham gathered boater; (below, left) sapphire blue mink stole with upturned roll collar from Tico, and Simone Mirman's eye helmet violet hat; (below, right) natural fitch jacket with hip-hugging line and cuffed three-quarter sleeves from Bradley's. Tulle swathed pastel coolie from Debenham & Freebody's Model department. (Opposite page) natural ranch mink long slim line three-quarter jacket from Bradley's. Pastel toque, tulle-swathed, and matching gloves from Debenham & Freebody's

Subtly-styled furs greet the milder, longer days

Michel Molinare







Michel Molinare



Gown and stole designed for a full regalia night

WHITE for evening is the keynote for spring and summer. This beautiful white chiffon evening gown and taffeta ribbon sash with the pastel rose is from Roecliff and Chapman and costs approximately 21 gns. at Rocha, Grafton Street. We are illustrating it on these two pages. The luxurious white Arctic fox cape stole from Tico, which always teams up so well with any slim-skirted dark or light evening dress, also can be worn with the gown illustrated





CHOICE FOR THE WEEK



“... SOFT AND WHITE
AS A POLAR NIGHT”

Michel Molnare

ON these pages, we show how absolutely correct white can be as a colour for both the evening and the day, in the shape of this superlatively soft and light, boxy, unbuttoned nylon fur jacket, which can be considered an all-purpose coat for town, country and evening wear. It is, in fact, an ideal choice and comes at approximately 9 gns., from Bickley, at Maryon of Knightsbridge. The little fabric off-the-face cap, which is both so plain and so infinitely chic, is from Dolores





Lovely garden trug basket filled with chocolate eggs and trimmed with most lifelike moss and flowers. Price £3 17s. 6d. from Harrods

Right: Chenille rabbit, 14s. 6d. Dressed boy rabbit 10s. 6d. Duck egg-cup, 4s. 6d. Fortnum and Mason. Pottery rabbits from 5s. 6d., novelty Easter candles price 2s. 6d. each, from Harrods

Out of the Egg for Easter!

IF you have not yet bought your Easter presents here are some charming ideas to help you make a last minute choice. They run from pottery fish to chenille rabbit egg-cups filled with chocolates—all of them delightfully gay and charmingly decorative—JEAN CLELAND

Flower arrangement in "Log with Bunny" from £1 1s. At Fortnum and Mason (Flower Department)

Raffia Easter egg, price £2 10s. "Chicken" vase with flowers from £1 1s. Fortnum and Mason

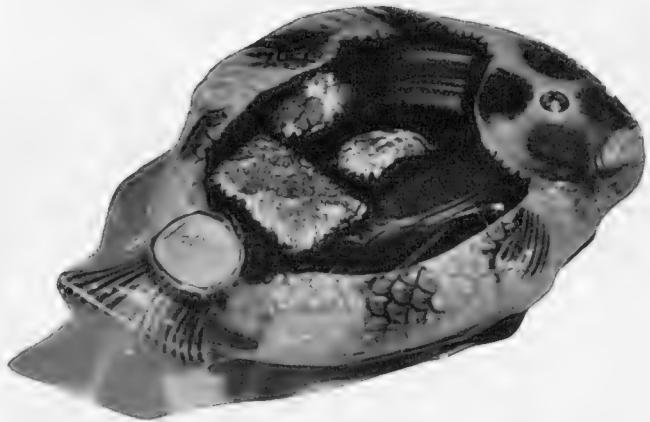


Easter Parade

The TATLER and Bystander,
MARCH 28, 1956 575

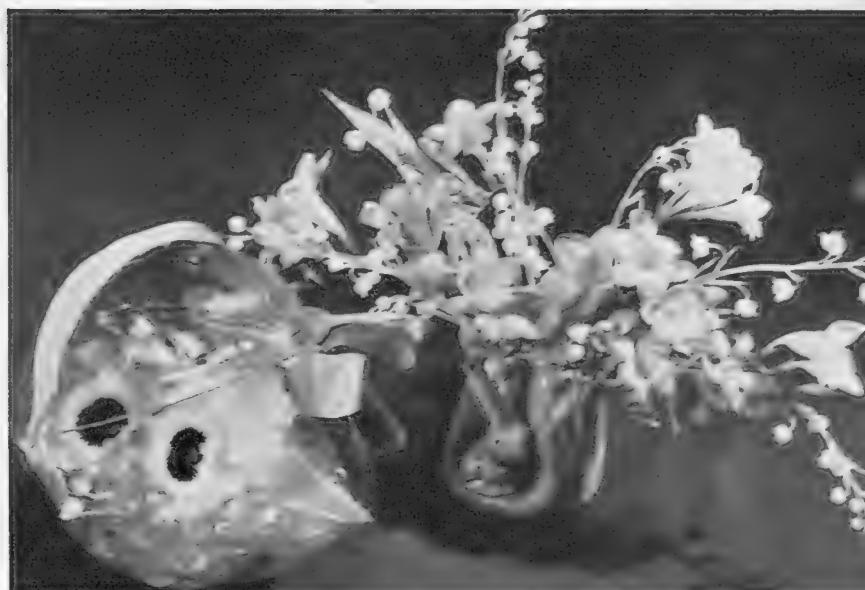


Easter egg with orchids, £1 10s. Easter flower arrangement in "Rabbit" vase from £1 1s. from Fortnum and Mason



This pottery fish filled with chocolates is an amusing novelty. Price 9s. 6d. It comes from a selection to be seen at Harrods

More amusing pottery fish, filled with chocolates and sweets, from Harrods' collection. Prices from 13s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.



China flower bowl filled with chocolate eggs, £1 3s. 6d. Similar bowl empty, 10s. 6d. from Fortnum and Mason





COLD CREAM SOAP, a new introduction by Cussons, is ideal for those delicate skins which find ordinary soaps too harsh



Beauty

Jean Cleland

New looks for Eastertide

A NEW Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it, is not the only feminine fancy which we women seek at this time of year. With spring in the air, the urge for something fresh is upon us. Anything to give an after winter "lift," and a new look, is grist to the mill.

This is the moment, I think, for an Easter Parade of some of the latest beauty products which may interest you sufficiently to set you off on a treasure hunt.

Since the morning bath is the beginning of all beauty for the day, let us start with two new bath luxuries. First, a "Crepe-de-Chine" bath oil, which comes in a glass tube, with sufficient liquid for five baths. The tubes can be bought singly (8s. 6d. each), or in boxes of five. "Crepe-de-Chine" is aptly named, because it leaves the skin beautifully soft and silky. The oil is of a special type that is actually absorbed by the skin so completely that no oily traces are left on the bath.

JUST ten drops sprinkled into the water are enough to create a subtle aura of perfume that clings gently throughout the day. To go with this new product, there is a range which includes matching eau-de-Cologne, soap, talcum powder, and face powder, all made by Millot.

The second bath luxury which will, I feel, be specially welcome to all those with delicate skins is Cussons new Cold Cream Soap (illustrated above). Mild and super-fatted, this contains lanoline cream, which not only combats dryness caused by cold winds, but gives relief in cases of sunburn, an important point to remember later in the year. While it is recommended for use on the face and the body, this soap is excellent for the hands in that it aids replacement of some of the natural oils, and guards against the drying effects of detergents. The price is 1s. 3d. a tablet.

Talking of hands, there could be no better timing for a barrier cream than now, when one's mind turns to such activities as gardening and spring cleaning. The latest product of this kind that has come my way is an all-purpose one called "Gauntlet," the outstanding feature of which is that it can be used for both dry and wet work. Moreover it contains Vitamin F, which helps the skin to resist the effects of harmful irritants. "Gauntlet" can be had in a tube; easy for carrying about, and costing 3s. Only a very little of the cream squeezed out is sufficient to cover both hands.

FROM the well-known beauty firm of Harriet Hubbard Ayer comes a new beauty "line" which I saw demonstrated recently by Madame Burollaud (director and production manager of Harriet Hubbard Ayer) at a show given at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Created to complement the new hats, which in the main are to be worn with a forward tilt, this make-up takes on an upward lift, which gives a look of gaiety to the face.

This is how it is done. Eyebrows are a little thicker near the nose, fading out towards the temples in a clear, arched line which tilts slightly up at the ends. Eye-shadow, instead of covering the lids, is used to underline the brows. The mouth has a well defined line with a tilt at the corners, to give an upward lift (like the old-time Cupid's bow), and is coloured with two lipsticks, a paler one for the all-over coating, and a slightly darker one to outline the edges and give a very definite shape. If done well, as it was at the demonstration, this is very effective.

Max Factor's new contribution to eye beauty is a grey eyebrow pencil. This is very soft and subtle, and specially recommended for the older woman, or for those whose brows are inclined to be a bit scanty. Another idea

is to try mixing this grey pencil with the shade you normally use, to get a softer and more neutral effect. In a gilt case, this new pencil sells at 3s. 11d., the same as the other Max Factor pencils, which can be had in black, brown, or brownish-black.

A LIPSTICK that clips on to the pocket of your handbag, or the pocket of your spring suit, is a novelty produced by Dorothy Gray, which she calls the "Super Stay Clipstick." Made from a new formula with protective lanoline, it is soft, creamy, and non-smear, and has a quick interchange "slide through" refill. Super Stay Clipstick costs 8s. 9d., with refill at 4s. 6d. There are two new shades, "Elation Pink" and "Elation Fire."





Miss Penelope Chiesman, daughter of Mr. C. Stuart Chiesman, of Chislehurst, Kent, and the late Mrs. Chiesman, is to marry Mr. Michael Colin Cowdrey, only son of the late Mr. E. A. Cowdrey and of Mrs. Cowdrey, of Tate Road, Sutton, Surrey

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Patricia Lorimer Beveridge, daughter of the late Capt. Robert Victor Beveridge and of Contessa De Cerrini Beveridge, of De Vere Gardens, W.8, is to marry Mr. Frederick Birtwistle, son of Mr. A. Birtwistle, of Churt, Surrey



Miss Savina Serpieri, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Serpieri, of Lykiou Street, Athens, has recently become engaged to Mr. Fotis Lykiardopulo, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Lykiardopulo, of Lowndes Square, London, S.W.1



Miss Fiona Menzies, daughter of Maj.-Gen. Sir Stewart Menzies, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., of Bridges Court, Luckington, Wilts, and of the late Lady Menzies, is to marry Mr. Brian Wentworth Bell, the son of Major and Mrs. P. W. Bell, of Ilmington, Warwickshire



Miss Valerie Iris Claire Byrne, elder daughter of Mrs. A. Bertram Davis, of Blythe Way, Solihull, Warwickshire, has announced her engagement to Mr. Peter Stuart Crisford, only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Crisford, of Byron Lodge, Copt Heath, Knowle, Warwickshire

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You can look young—prove it to yourself
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John P. Wiggins

LADIES IN THE R.A.C. RALLY

THE R.A.C. International Rally for 1956 was won by Mr. Lyndon Sims, of Brecon, in an Aston Martin, in what is considered to be the best rally ever held in this country. The Ladies award was won by Miss Angela Palfrey in an Austin who is seen (centre) with her co-drivers Miss Aileen Jervis and Mrs. Pauline Pither. Left: The Neil sisters from Glasgow who drive a Morgan and are a well-known rally team



A. G. Goodchild

Motoring

Oliver Stewart

CONGRATULATIONS ALL ROUND

IF my calculations are correct there were forty women among the 212 car crews which were entered for the Royal Automobile Club Rally so that, on a statistical basis, the results spoke highly for them. Miss Angela Palfrey was first in the Ladies award, Miss Handley Page second and Miss P. Moss (and Ann Wisdom) third; their cars being an Austin A40, a Rover and an M.G.A. Then there was the performance of Mrs. Joan Johns (A90) both in the team event and in the general classification, where she was placed sixth.

Recalling these facts now may seem belated; but the printing dispute prevented many people from obtaining full information about the Rally results at the time, and the daily papers did not devote a great deal of space to it. Anyhow, congratulations are even now continuing to come in to David Brown, and the Aston Martin showrooms in Piccadilly have been appropriately decorated. Mr. L. O. Sims (Aston Martin) lost only 29.2 marks. Mr. Ian Appleyard, with his wife co-driving, was second in a Jaguar and Dr. J. T. Spare third in a Morgan.

There was the almost inevitable last-minute hitch when questions of protests were in the offing; but otherwise the event must be looked upon as a success. I doubt, however, whether there is scope—as one writer has suggested—for more of these events in this country. The Continental rally has its own special atmosphere, which largely relies upon the greater freedom from irritating rules and regulations enjoyed by the inhabitants of those lucky countries.

WHEN I was discussing in these columns the methods of taking the car abroad I would have mentioned—had space permitted—the latest Automobile Association's Members' Annual Handbook. The 1956 edition is now out and it contains a certain amount of information about touring abroad. Its main content, however, is a list of places with hotels and garages in England and Wales. These places are keyed to the maps which appear towards the end of the book.

One novelty in the book must have special mention here because I have so often criticized the A.A. and the R.A.C. for lack of discrimination in their sponsoring of hotels. In this new edition of the Handbook a rosette symbol has been introduced, and this is used to mark the hotels where the food and restaurant facilities are—in the A.A.'s words—"considered to be of a higher standard than the normal classification implies." I am all in favour of this encouragement of superior cuisine and service.

Already I have reminded my readers that the Commission Sportive Internationale has granted international status to the Goodwood meeting on April 2. Another bit of Goodwood news came out after drivers' trials had been taking place there with Connaught cars. During these trials the Formula One lap record was—unofficially of course—broken several times.

Archie Scott-Brown driving the "Syracuse" Connaught obtained a time which improved upon the absolute circuit record held by Mike Hawthorn for two and a half years. Scott-Brown did a lap at an average speed of 94.81 miles an hour, whereas Hawthorn's speed with the 4½ litre Thinwall Special was 94.53 miles an hour. Two other Connaught drivers, Les Leston (a telephonist made me spell his name wrongly in "another place" for which he has my apologies) and Bob Gerard both improved on the time for the Formula One circuit record.

I repeat that these are unofficial timings.



ONE more effort is being made this year by the R.A.C. to reduce the number of people who crowd round the cars at the start of races. It has always been accepted that fewer people should be allowed on the track; but it has proved exceedingly difficult to restrict their numbers. And the victims of any "restriction" tend to become furious, whether their cause is just or not.

This year all those who run race meetings are being asked to scrutinize privilege passes with redoubled care, and various means are being suggested for enabling photographers—professional press photographers that is—to do their work without completely blanking off the view of the cars and drivers from those members of the public who have paid high prices to see them.

Whatever the success of the new campaign to keep the track clear, everybody will approve of the effort.

PEOPLE still write to me about tubeless tyres. Yet I reported clearly on my own experiences with a set and I can now say that I have had a new set fitted. The old set gave me full satisfaction and, as I explained before, they have the advantage of holding their pressures better, so that pressure checks can be made less frequently. I have found, for instance, that checks made at six-week or two-month intervals rarely find much variation in the pressure. Such infrequent checks, I should hasten to add, are not recommended. But with tubeless tyres they are unlikely to lead to trouble.

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THEY WERE MARRIED



Lawson—Mitchell. Capt. Jeremy Lawson, R.A.M.C., son of the late Lt.-Col. J. Lawson and Lady Pearce, of Boxford, Suffolk, married Miss Patricia Jean Mitchell, elder daughter of Mr. P. Mitchell, of Bathurst Street, W.2, and Mrs. Walshaw, of Calcutta, at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, London, W.2



Williamson—Arden-Clarke. Dr. William Anthony Williamson, only son of the late Mr. J. D. Williamson and of Mrs. Williamson, of Carlisle Mansions, Carlisle Place, S.W.1, was married to Miss Jenifer Rosemary Arden-Clarke, elder daughter of Sir Charles and Lady Arden-Clarke, of Syleham House, Diss, Norfolk, and Christiansborg Castle, Accra, at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street

Lennox—Bland. Capt. Neil Lennox, The Black Watch, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. G. Lennox, of Berrymead, Old Bosham, Sussex, married Miss Jenifer Joyce Bland, daughter of Mr. Kenneth Bland and Mrs. A. O. Russell, of Upper Gade, Hudnall, Herts, at the Church of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Edlesborough



Francis—Davies. The marriage took place recently of Mr. Thomas Curtoys Francis, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Francis, of Brisbane, Australia, and Miss Patricia Margaret Davies, the only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Stuart Davies, at St. Michael's Church, Southampton



Seed—Morton. Lt.-Cdr. P. W. Seed, Royal Australian Navy, only son of Mrs. Elizabeth Seed, of Sydney, Australia, and Miss Mary Beatrice Morton, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Harold Morton, of Aston Abbots, Bucks, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

PORTRAIT OF A GOWN BY

Roecliff & Chapman





LADY JENNIFER BERNARD, Miss Valerie Barbor and Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Barbor at the party given to mark the opening of the new Cascade Restaurant's rôtisserie and grill

Swabie

DINING OUT

Cross-Channel traffic

IT was looking at the menu of the Mirabelle that reminded me of Paris, a lovely place to visit in the spring. Erwin Schleyen devotes part of his menu to the specialities of *maître chef* M. Raymond Oliver, an old friend of his, and proprietor of the Restaurant Grand Véfour in the rue de Beaujolais, Paris.

These dishes are priced in both francs and sterling so that everybody knows exactly where they stand. They include such delicacies as: *Le Toast de Crevettes Rothschild*, 10s. 6d.; *Les Œufs au Plat Louis Oliver*, 12s. 6d.; *La Sole au Plat "Véfour,"* 17s.; and so on.

This, however, is no reason for ignoring the "Plats des Gourmets" of the Mirabelle itself, such as their *Quenelles de Homard*, *L'Agneau de Lait*, or *Le Filet de Boeuf Lucullus*, for which you have to wait forty-five minutes—it is well worth it—and almost anything else you can think of, supported by an absolutely fabulous wine list; but you need a fat bank balance.

Erwin Schleyen is, however, a restless person and is for ever planning some new gastronomic adventure. His latest effort, which caused considerable interest, was to invite M. Mahu, proprietor and *maître chef* of Chez Mahu of Villerville S/Mer, near Deauville, a restaurant which is one of the "bonnes tables de France," to come over with his assistant chefs and spend a week at the Mirabelle preparing some of the specialities of his restaurant. The whole thing was a great success.

RECENTLY I gave here the names and contents of champagne bottles from magnums upwards. For some reason I left out rehoboam, and one or two people have written drawing my attention to the omission and asking where it fits in. It comes in between jeroboam and methuselah and holds the equivalent of six bottles.

Talking about champagne, Morgan Furze & Co., who have been established as importers of wine and brandies in the City for over forty years, have established a new wine shop at 12 Brick Street, off Park Lane, and celebrated its opening with a cocktail party. The drinks were somewhat unusual, there being a choice between pink champagne—Moët & Chandon '47; slightly chilled white port—Porto Fino—by Croft, and their own brand of whisky—"Glen James," which is guaranteed to be at least five years old.

Apart from an extensive range of some excellent wines at very reasonable prices, they operate a "bin to boardroom" service, whereby, if you are in the habit of occasionally entertaining in your own office, you can place a standing order with Morgan Furze, who will store the bottles in their own cellars, and in response to a telephone call deliver what you require with glasses, jugs, trays, etc. Any bottles unopened can be returned.

The managing director is James K. Peppercorn, who went into the wine business in 1923 when he purchased a firm called Osborne's at Cliftonville. From this single branch Osborne's have made considerable progress and now have thirty branches in the London suburbs; two years ago they acquired the business of Morgan Furze & Co., Ltd.

Following in his father's footsteps, David Peppercorn, who has just come down from Cambridge, has joined the firm. For two years at Cambridge he was Cellarer of the University Wine and Food Society, so they must have wine in their bloodstream.

WONDERS never cease. My recent discourse on the subject of boiling eggs has produced a letter from the National Egg Information Service, who inform me that you should not boil an egg at all, because extreme heat is its mortal enemy. So here's how you don't boil your egg.

"Boiled Eggs (soft): Bring enough water to cover the eggs, to the boil. Put in the eggs—if they are kept in a refrigerator, allow them to attain room temperature before using [I never thought the day would come when we have to bring eggs to room temperature], cover the pan and turn off the heat. If necessary, set the pan off burner to prevent further boiling. Stand for six to eight minutes according to personal taste."

"Boiled Eggs (hard): Place the eggs in cold water, covering them at least a quarter of an inch. Bring to the boil. Turn out the heat, cover the pan and stand for fifteen minutes. Take out the eggs: immediately plunge them into cold running water so that they cool rapidly."

I now seem to be so involved in the egg business that I would like Helen Burke's final judgment in the matter.

Anyway, I hope you enjoy your breakfast tomorrow morning.

— I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Entertaining the chief

A BRIDE who since her marriage has kept on with her job, writes to ask for a menu which she and her husband, who helps with the cooking, could themselves prepare for a very special occasion—the visit of his chief and wife. They do not want to be pretentious, but the meal must be comparable with that in a restaurant of good standing. Further, the costs must be kept down. There will be three hours between leaving their respective offices and the time the guests arrive. They plan to bring in supplies the evening before, and store them in their refrigerator overnight.

It seems to me that they would do well to serve a light dinner of, say, three courses requiring cooking, followed by biscuits and a good cheese such as Double Gloucester or Camembert or Brie.

I propose the following menu:

Poached Rainbow Trout with melted butter, quartered lemon and tiny boiled potatoes turned in butter and sprinkled with parsley; *Poulet en Cocotte Bonne Femme*; Green Salad; Chocolate mousse; Biscuits and Cheese; Coffee.

TROUT are a very acceptable "stand-in" for more expensive salmon and, cleaned through the gills and lower belly, as my fishmonger does them so well, should arrive at table without a break in their skins. Chicken, either a roaster or a young boiler, is less expensive than meat and, for a latish evening meal, just right. Chocolate mousse, served in small glasses, filled to the brim, should be made at least six hours before it is required and will be even better if made a day ahead. So we shall start with the sweet.

FOR 4 persons, allow 6 oz. best dessert chocolate. Place it with about $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water in a small pan over a very low heat. Add sugar to taste and a teaspoon of unsalted butter. Stir to blend into a smooth paste, but on no account boil. A double boiler is the safer vessel to use, but one can cook over direct heat if it is kept low enough and the mixture stirred continuously. Remove and cool, then add a dessertspoon of brandy or rum.

Meanwhile, separate the yolks and whites of 4 large or 5 small eggs. Beat the yolks, one at a time, into the chocolate. Whip the egg whites very stiffly, then gently stir them into the mixture until well blended. Pour into individual glasses and store in a cold place until required. If this mousse is to be chilled in the refrigerator, it can be made 2 to 3 hours before the meal.

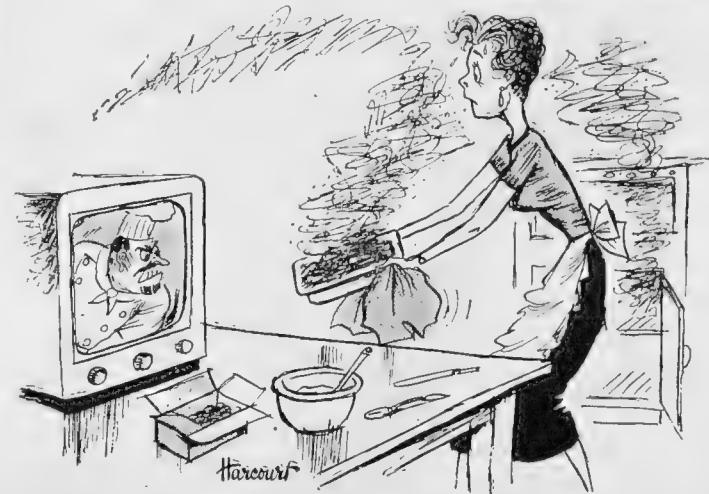
The grill pan is ideal for poaching the trout, because it is shallow and will conveniently hold 4 trout of 4 to 5 oz. each. Three-quarter fill it with water. Add a tablespoon of vinegar, a slice of onion, a sliced small carrot, a few parsley stalks, a tiny piece of bay leaf, a small sprig of thyme and freshly-milled pepper and coarse salt to taste. Gently boil all these together for 15 minutes or so, then leave to become cold.

Just when the guests are enjoying their final aperitif, place the trout in the cold *court bouillon*, bring it to the boil and, after two minutes' simmering, they will be ready. Have at hand in a very small pan 4 to 6 oz. butter, cut into small pieces, ready to be melted at the last minute. Lift out and drain the trout, place them on a napkin on the serving-dish, garnish with a quartered lemon and pass the melted butter separately.

POULET EN COCOTTE BONNE FEMME is one of those easy-to-prepare ways with chicken and it does not matter if the chicken has to wait for a little in its casserole. If you have a large enough oval iron *cocotte* (casserole), you can add a nice piece of butter to it and brown the bird all over in it to a golden tone. Remove the chicken for a few minutes while you fry 6 oz. unsmoked streaky bacon, cut into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch strips, then add a dozen small onions and brown them, too. Return the chicken to the *cocotte*, add the giblets (except the liver which can be used for an omelet for another meal), a *bouquet garni*, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. scraped small new carrots and freshly-milled pepper and salt to taste. Pour in water to reach halfway up, press butter paper over the chicken, place the lid in position and cook a young chicken for less than an hour and a young boiler for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a moderate oven (gas mark 3 to 4 or 350 to 375 deg.F.).

Half an hour before the meal, add 4 oz. button mushrooms, washed but unpeeled, and finish the cooking. To dish up: Remove the chicken and its garnish to a heated platter. Serve separately a cup of heated cooked canned or frozen peas.

— Helen Burke





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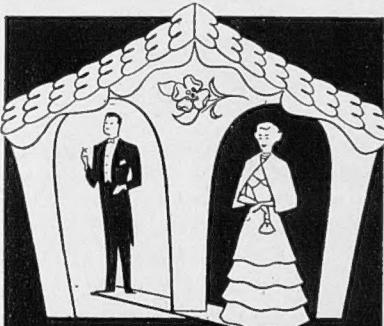
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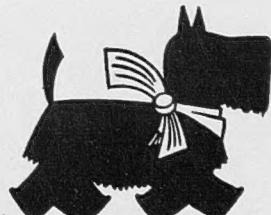
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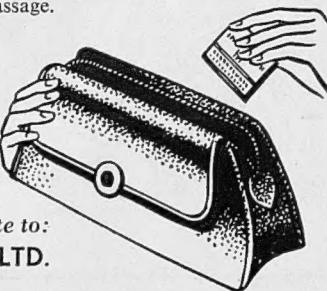
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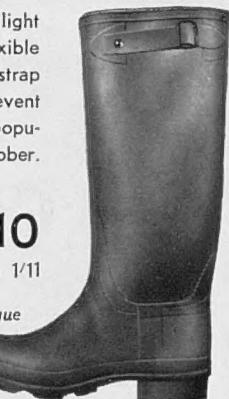
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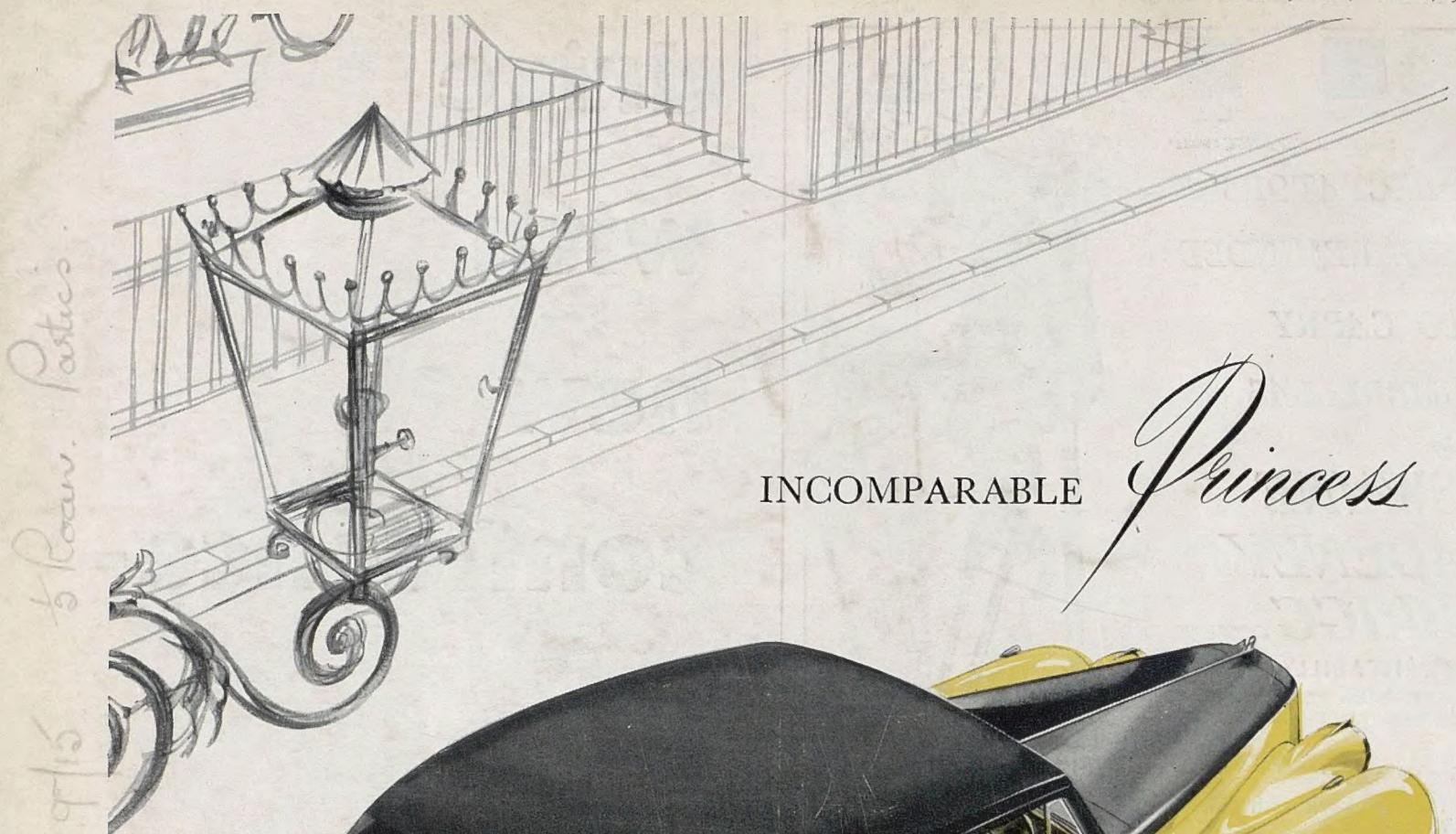
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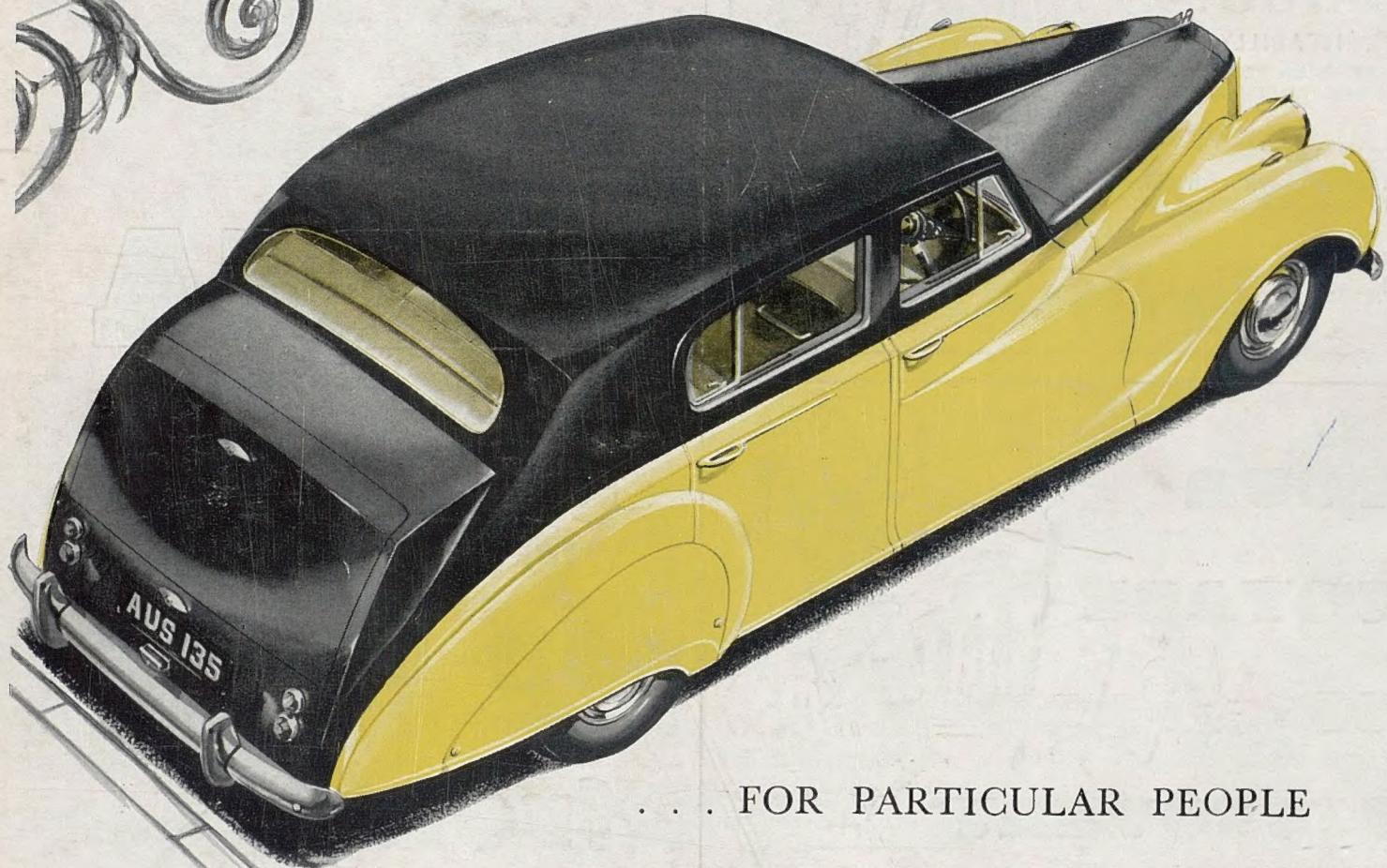
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